ELSINORE.

Nellie 6: Cone in Scribner's Magazine Is is strange in Elatitore Since the day King Hamlet died.

All the hearty sports of yore, Sledge and skate, are laid aside; Stilled the ancient mirth that rang. Boisterous, down the fire-lit halls; They have quite forgot to hang Christmas helly on the walls. Christmas helly on the walls. For the bine-eyed thanes that love it; But they bend their brows above it, And forever, to and fro, Round the board dull murmurs go; "It is strange in Elsinore Since the day King Hamlet died."

And a swarm of courtiers flit, New in slashed and satined trim, With their irreshly fashioned wit, And their littleness of limb— Flit about the stairways wide, Till the pale Prince Hamlet smiles, As he walks, at twiight take, Through the galleries and the aisles.

For to him the castle seems-This old castle, Elsagore— Like a thing built up of dreams; And the king's a mask—no more; And the kings a mask—no more; And the courtiers seem but flights Of the painted butterflies; And the arras, wrought with fights, Grows alive before his eyes. Le, its giant shapes of Danes. As without a wind it waves, Live more nobly then his thanes, sullen carpers, ale-fed slaves.

In the flockering of the fires,
Through his sieep at night there pass
Gay concerts and young desires—
Faces out of Memory's glass,
Fragments of the actor's art,
Student's pleasures, college broils,
Paesies that caught his beart,
Chances with the fencing-foils;
Then he listens offentimes,
With his boyhood's simple glee, Then he listens oftentimes, With his boyhood's simple giec, To dead Yerick's quips and rhymes, Leaning on his father's knee. To that mighty hand he clings, Tender love that stern face charms; All at once, the casemant All at once, the casement rings As with strength of angry arms.

From the couch he lifts his bead,
With a souther and a start;

Christmas-eye draws hither soon : Christans-ee draws alther soon; It is strange in Eisteore, Underneath the toy moon; Footsteps pat the tey floor; Voices haunt the munights bleak, When the wind goes singing keen; And the hours rs and grows lean err loneso ne round. Starting at the hollow sound; Starting at the hollow sound; And the pine-trees enage and roar, Though the snow would keep them still. In the state there's somewhat ill; It is strange in Listnore,

THOSE DREADFUL JAPS.

It was a dreadfully hot season, and let metell you that heat is heat in the States. I was coming from Canada to sail the next day for home. I took the train at Niagara Falls, and had a long sixteen hours' ride before me. The masty white dast sitted through the window-blinds and sashes; the sun glared in fiercely, take of the shalles mayifed by the course. some of the shades provided by the company; the car was crowded, and every moment the the car was crowded, and every moment the atmosphere grew more and more oppressive, until breathing became absolutely painful. As things reached this crisis, a builtiant thought struck me, emanating from sheer desperation. Why not get off at Albany and take the night boat down the river to New-York? I should arrive in plenty of time for the sailing of the Russia, and escape the further misery of six hours in the train. Surely, on the benutiful Hudson, a comparatively cool breeze could be

We were already nearing Albany; so, hastily thrusting my scattered telongings into my portmanteau, I stood ready and waiting as the main entered the large railway depot. Two hours later, behold me tranquil and triumphant, after a very good dinner, and with an excellent eigar, pacing the deck of the finest river steamer in the world.

segar, pacing the deck of the fibest river seamer in the world.

It was a beautiful night, the moch at its full, the stars all out in their lesser glory. As I remed up and down I passed the door of the ladies' saloon, and my attention was caught by a figure sitting stem and alone, in the monbeams. When I passed again, I caught a glimpse of a bended brown head, and two ungloved hands loosely clasped together; a pretry, quiet figure, with temining grace in its attitude. She did not look up as I stood between her and the monlight, but moved a little impatiently as if only half conscious of the ob-Soe was enveloped in a loose wrap of some gloved hands loosely clasped together; a brotty, quiet figure, with terminine grace in its of her countenance was rather difficult to obtain. With invention born of necessity, 1 three impatiently as if only half conscious of the observation. When I came by a third time, she had vanished.

Soe was enveloped in a loose wrap of some gloved hands loosely clasped together; a brind, pulled well up about her throat and ears, and, as she beat upon her crossed arms, a view of like countenance was rather difficult to obtain. With invention born of necessity, 1 three myself torward and tossed my lighted impatiently as if only half conscious of the observation. When I came by a third time—with her to stain. With invention born of necessity, 1 three myself torward and tossed my lighted impatiently as if only half conscious of the observation. When I came by a third time—with her this shocking to hear them as and it don't seem natural as they should be invalid. Not a cab to be found anywhere, he said in the standows of the bad vanished.

Soe was enveloped in a loose wrap of some large, and the observation being a loose of the difference in the difference of the countenance was rather difficult to obtain. With invention born of necessity, 1 three myself torward and tossed my lighted with the single continue to obtain the countenance was rather difficult to obtain. With invention born of necessity, 1 three myself torward and to observe the man joined guished, and rather cross-looking man joined guish

to and fro, I heard moment I felt annoyed; the the salocu. For a moment I felt annoyed; the night was too perfect in itself to be marred by any of the popular war songs of the time, and what else could be expected from a performer what else could be expected from a performer to the popular war songs of the time, and what else could be expected from a performer when the popular was a performer. what else could be expected from a performer on board a river sceamer? My displeasure, however, soon gave way to astonishment and delight, as I listened to the strains of the "Mooninght Sounts," My love for music amounted to a mann, and when this delicious melody, rendered with all the passion of its composer's mind, floated away over the moon-washed waters, I stopped in amazement. Instinctively the theoretic formed by desire, took shape the thought, formed by desire, took shape within my mind; "She who thus plays must be the girl that sat half hidden in the shadows."

Throwing away what remained of my cigar, I stepped within the gilded apartment from whence the swect sounds issued. The room was comparatively empty, for most of the passengers were on deck. As I had suspected, at the further end, seated before the grand planothe further end, seated before the grant plant forte, her back towards me, I saw my incog-ma. Her head was a little drooped, and the fine curves of her figure well defined against the crimson gorgeousness of walls and furni-ture. She was absoroed in the music. I ap-proached quietly, and stood by her side looking down upon her. Her face thus seen was very own upon her. charming, softly unted, and delicately cut; a drooping mouth, half meiancholy, half determined; and braids of nut-brown hair rolled high upon a shapely head.

As she finished 1 made some appreciative re-

As she limited in a mark, to which she responded gravely, but with a certain dignified pleasantness that with a certain digmined pleasured marked her as one used to the world.

With two line lovers of music, conversation soon springs into life; so in a few moments we were in full swing over our favorites, she arguing, differing, and illustrating, with sudder touches on the keys in a manner dangerously

touches on the keys in a manner dangerously charming, while her eyes met mine fearlessly. Handsome eyes they were—gray, with black asses, and finely-penellled brows.

In the midst of a lengthy argument over Chopm, in which she was displaying considerable fire and spirit, a shrill, pining voice cried out 'Mamma, mammaa,' followed by a long and voluble explosion of Hindostanee or any one of the languages of the ten lost tribes, as far as intelligibility was concerned. My companion replied in the same incomprehensible form of speech; the result being the appearance from black dress, and the horrible little Japs, whom in my presence she had caressed and fondly ad-dressed as her 'little ones,' for proofs of her widowhood; while, on the other hand, her in-nocent fearlessness, her absolute belief in the good of this evil world, her almost childish trust, implied a maiden's heart and nature not yet tried or modided. Her name was Sandwell; we always addressed her as one entitled to the speech; the result being the appearance from one of the adjacent state-rooms, of two of the most astonishing figures I had ever beheld.

They were the most ultra-ugly children im agnable, sallow-faced, with dark almond aginable, sallow-faced, with dark almond-shaped eyes whose heavy lids unclosed with difficulty, black brows and lasbes, and hair growing loose upon their foreheads, brushed back and heaved. back and braided into long tails upon their shoulders. On one these heavy locks were elson black, on the other of a common light brown, that added greater plainness to the yellow skin and thin, sharp leafures.

These two strange little folk ran toward my meets heave the added held of her with their

pretty incognita and laid hold of her with their skinny little paws, gabbling all the time in their unreasonable jargon. She answered them in secthing tones, and taking the hitle girl upon secthing tones, and taking the hittle girl upon her lan, drew the boy to her side as she con-tuned her consolatory remarks. Feeling de-cidedly an outsider in this domestic scene, I made a movement to leave them. She raised her eyes, over which a shadow had come and diamed their charms, and said: 'You must forgive my little ones; they are Japanese and understand but a few words of

Japanese and understand but a few words of English.' I took this as my dismissal, and left her; but, as I looked back from the doorwry, I saw her still bending over those fearful imper catessing their horrid little faces with her sor

white hand. I resumed my promenade.

'Good heavens,' I thought. 'Her little
onez! Sae an Englishwoman and they—Japanese! Then—horrrible, unbearable thought!—
ber husband—the father of the children—what

our summer sailing; it rained copiously; rained as it only can in Liverpool. Through some mustake the e was no one to meet her, so she allowed me to take her to the train, see her ed, was there not a curious blending of the two nationalities in the little faces, the brown har of the girl, the gray eyes of the boy like her, yet rendered unlike by the unmistak-

able stamp of their race! But how could such an alliance have come about? Were such things ever done? Was there no law to pre-

some leading question.

Leaning over the railing, glancing now at the

gliding water, now at my companion's face, about whose finely cut features the moon's fays lingured tenderly, we grew more friendly. But

lingered tenderly, we grew more friendly. But all my efforts, put with my greatest finesse and delicacy, failed to draw from her any confidence regarding her name, her station, her past, present, or future.

She was dressed in mourning, I noticed, and she wore on the third finger of her left hand a heavy gypsy ring with a single stone—a diamond of great beauty; otherwise her attire was plain in the extreme. As if grew later, she turned from gazing at the quiet river below us, and, fixing her fearless eyes on mine, held out

and, fixing her fearless eyes on mine, held out her hand and said: Good-by, and thank you for a pleasant even-

ing. Good-by, I echoed. But I shall see you in

the morning; I have promised fly self the pleasure of waiting upon you in New-York. Seeing you to an hotel, or-or your home.

You are most kind, she returned quickly; but I am quite provided for, and I shall require

no assistance.' Then bowing, she withdrew, and I was left lamenting.

I did not see her again, though I lingered

about the next morning, walked through the saloon many times, touched the notes of the

piano invitingly. All to no purpose: she would not appear. To be sure, the cider of the Jap-

anese horters, the girl, came out and played upon the floor with a Japanese doll so learfully like its owner that I fairly shaddered. Over-coming my repugnance, I approached this small specimen and asked instituatingly for 'mamma.

specimen and asked institutingly for maintain.

The child squinted her sharp black eyes at me, and began in her high, shrill voice a voluble harargue in her native tongue, gesticulating with her clfin hands as she concluded; but though she granaed and chattered, and winked her eyes, so like those of the doll she held, I could make nothing of what she said. Finally, the could make nothing of what she said. Finally, the could make nothing of what she said.

of my mystery than I possessed when I first

saw her sitting amid the moon's snadows.

My voyage home was a dull one. The ship had tew on board, and among the few no sen-

sible man to make a pleasant hand at cards, no

sible man to make a pleasant hand at cards, no pretty stirl to keep one up in scientific flirting. Consequently my thoughts often dwelt tenderly upon La Mystere, as I called her in my heart, and her strange, weird, ugly children.

A season spent in London, however, threw her somewhat into the shades of memory, and when I did recall her, it was but with a momentum of the season spent in London, however, threw her somewhat into the shades of memory, and when I did recall her, it was but with a momen-

when I did recall her, it was but with a momentary interest coupled with a slight feeling of disgust for the small Japs. The deeper sentiment she had excited in me I fancted dead, and though I offen caught myself comparing other gray eyes with hers, I was in no way hard hir, and did not waste a thought on the possibility

Late, however, is stranger than fiction; and so

I was again in the States, and again on my

I was again in the States, and again on my homeward journey; the Russia this time was full to overflowing, but as I had a jolly companion with me in the person of my old college chum. Arthur Hartord, I telt above any chance acquaintance. We sailed late in the day, and after dinner Hartord and I sat smoking, compared to the company of the company of

fortably at our case in our deck chairs. As the sun went down into the sea on one side and the moon rose from it on the other, I was reminded of that evening in the past, when, under just

such a sky with just such a meon above, I had hatened to Beethoven, as never before had it been my good tortane to hear him rendered.

ford, adding as I finished:

'I would give a goodish bit to see La Mystere again. She was pretty and she could play—ah! how she could play Beethoven!

'Bah!' said Harford sententiously. 'You

the railing.
She was enveloped in a loose wrap of some

The cark drapery dropped from about her, and, as she turned tull upon me, I beliefd once more

selves, she said. 'Is it not so T I took her outstretched hand, I looked into

her happy eyes, and in that moment fell hope-lessly, helplessly, unwillingly, but eternally in love with the mother of the two Japanese in-

fants.
Of the ten days that followed I will give no

minute description. Anyone will easily understand how dangerous ten days at sea passed in

the presence of a pretty, fascinating, culti-vated, incomprehensible woman may prove. The evenings worked the most mischief; never

were such moonlights, never such summer weather! We three-for Arthur succumbed to the glamor-sat hour after hour in the full beauty of an almost tropical moon, while she

would sing to us; for La Mystere possessed

voice of such power and sweetness, that even her incomparable playing taded into insignifi-cance before it. So she would charm us both,

until even prosy, steady old Arthur lost his head, and declared that, but for me, he would have placed his heart and fortune at the incog-

You will scarcely believe me, yet, during all

this time, neither Harford nor I had learned if she were maid, wife, or widow. There was the black dress, and the horrible little Japs, whom

we always addressed her as one entitled to the prefix of Madame, and as she never corrected us, we had, consequently, to believe her widow-anything less lignified was impossible

know nothing about her family, or her past. I met her on a river steamer in America. She has two Japanese children—but—I love her!' A pretty statement of facts, and one synonymous with a cut-down of my present allowance, and the loss of Thorney Grange, in my mother's gift, in prospective.

So the days glided by; I loved her more and more descentally, and, as I told myself more

more desperately, and, as I told myself, more one only we spoke of the future. I had

once only we spoke of the little. I had made some senseless remark as to the blankness of life after our parting, and the probable donothing state I should sink into. She lifted her arched brows a trifle scornfully, and her hip curled a little though she did not make me any

replied: 'Simply my duty. You lorget—I am going home to my little ones.'
On, those horrid Japs! They had not been mentioned between us, and I had piously hoped that a merciful Providence had removed them from this sphere, and that never more should I encounter their ugly faces.

The day, we landed was a forlorn ending to care summer sailing: it rained copiously:

And you, I asked, what will you do T She flashed her handsome eyes upon me as she replied: Simply my duty. You forget—I am

I felt communicative, so told the story to Har-

of our meeting again.

Then bowing, she withdrew,

vent such marriages?

An heur later, as I approached the door of the saloon, I came face to face with the mysterious subject of my thoughts. She was coming out for a breath of the evening air, she said, before consigning herself to her comfortable quarters for the night. I fancied she met my glance less calmly as she broke into a rapid flow of words, fearing perhaps I should ask 1 was very miserable at seeing her go from
me, yet 1 had not the courage to try and win
her, Japs and all. I could love her distractedly,

comfortably placed in a first-class carriage, booked for London, and did not refuse the mis-cellaneous collection of literature I thrust upon

but not her accessories.

The guard rang the bell: I put out my hand.

'Good-by,' I said, and some of the mournfulness of my heart echoed in my voice. 'Good-by, I shall not easily forget you!" She gave me her hand, the brave eves meet-

She gave me her hand, the brave eyes meeting mine unfluchingly. 'Good-by,' she returned quite calmiy. 'Thank you very, very much for all your kindness.'

She loosed her hand from mine, the last bell rang, the train moved, she smiled, and I turned away. Looking back for a farewell glance, I saw the bright brown head sink on her clasped hands, and I felt the gray eyes were filling fast with wifely lears. She too, then felt this part. hands, and I felt the gray eyes were filing tast with wilful tears. She, too, then felt this parting! It was some slight compensation for my own wretchedness, and I gloated over it as I walked toward the hote! until the miserable idea dawned upon me, that I had let her go without obtaining any information concerning her ultimate destination. Questions innumerable had often suggested themselves during our ocean life, but a certain dismified reserve on her part completely repelled any advances on personal snujects. So to the last she had preserved her incognita.

personal subjects. So to the last she had preserved her incognita.

Over our late dinner I told Arthur of our good-by. He growled at the tears in her eyes, and added savagely:

'No sign that she cares a button for you—no doubt she was lengthered.

doubt she was laughing at you next moment. Tears indeed—thought you couldn't see hervery pretty little trick that—Bah! I tell you it's nonsense, all women do that sort of thing-I have seen them scores of times.'

After this rather depressing statement I kept After this rather depressing statement I kept my own confidence, and ere long La Mystere died out of our conversation, though not out of my heart. Indeed I found my thoughts con-stantly roving off to those brave gray eyes, and the prend mouth, as I had last seen her look from the window of the railway carriage. All the confusion, hurry, and bustle of a gay senson could not clear from my memory that one face, grown so inexpressibly dear during the summer days ween we sailed together over the blue

Atlantic.
I never attended a dinner, ball, or dram that Atlantic.

I never attended a dinner, ball, or dram that the thought was not present with me, Will she be there? As the weeks flew by and I never once met her, I waxed furious at my own supidity in letting her go, without a clew by which to discover her. Various schemes formed in my busy brain; I would insert a discreet advertisement in all the darbes; I would look up all the Sandwells, mall the different counties, make raids upon their homes, and unearth in some way my beautiful, tantalizing roystery; but all to no purpose. What I strove for so earerly, Fate alone could correct forme.

I was at the opera one night when Patti, as Margarita, was charming everyone, though to me even her delicious voice brought no solace; the enrancing music fell flat upon my cars and heart for the lack of one woman's face. Yet even as I argued with myself against this useless possion. I feit her presence near me. I raised my eyes; the occupants of one of the large boxes on the grand tier were moving about in a subduel but excited manner; I heard

about in a subdued but excited manner; I heard a low ery; and then, as the group parted, my glance met the beautiful gray eyes of La Mys-

At that moment the curtain went down at the end of the fourth act, and a crowd of men singing out from the stalls, prevented my reaching the box before the occupants had left it. I caught a ghapse of a winte gown in one of the passages, and rusted blindly after it, though it seemed that all the men I had ever known in all my life, conspired at that particular moment to keep me from dividence in the contridor, she was standard had reach the contridor, she was the standard had reach the contridor, she was standard had reach the contridor, she had reach the contridor, she was the standard had reach the contridor, she was that and reach the contridor, she had the standard had reach the contridor, At that moment the curtain went down at the

have direct to your liking. You are always sentimentally inclined, Phil, after a good clinner; I have remarked it often. Go and talk to that slim girl over by the wheel-house; she may like your rhapsodies better than 1 do.

You are a heathen, Arthur, I politely remarked. Nevertheless I did get up, and stole in the direction of the lone figure bending over

could put his look into more polite words, Le could put his look into more polite words, Le Mystere seized him by the arm, whispered something in his cur, and pointed to the other lady, who was growing rapidly more and more

as she turned full upon me, I beheld once more, under the moonlight, the finely cut face and honess, carriest eyes of La Mystere!

A sudden thrill at my heart told me the meeting was anything but unpleasant to me. Was she equally pleased? A slight flush spread over her brown and lost itself in the waves of her brown harr; then she held out her hand in the same old fearless manner, lifting her handsome eyes to mine.

"History and life are forever repeating themselves," she said. "Is it not so f" pale. George turned to me.
'You are very kind,' he said, 'I accept your 'You are very kind,' he said, 'I accept your offer without hesitation; here is my card.' He held out the hit of pasteboard which I thrust into my waisteout pocket; then, a most lifting the elder lady in his arms, he passed down to the carriage, followed by La Mystere, whose only sign of thanks was a quick look toward me from her handsome eyes, and a slight flush on her fair face. Another moment and they were gone. With a feeling of triumph I went back to my stall and listened in calm serenity to the final act of the opera.

Had I not secured the right and the means of seeing her again? The man's card was in my

seeing her again? The man's card was in my packet, he was evidently some relation, and rom him I could find her address, go to her and from him I could find her address, go to her and teil her—what? That I loved her, but not the little Japs; that she must love me and forget the little Japs; in fact, that with me she could not need the little Japs.

I samtered home to my chambers, happy in the thought of what the day would bring me, put my hand in my pocket for my talisman, but the card was gone.

the card was gone.
I searched every available portion of my of the searched every available portion of my eithing, pulled my pockets inside out, but with no good result; it was not to be found. Then I sat down and sulked over it; what a fool I was not to have read the name and address before putting it away! now there was no possible chance of seeing her. In short, I was in despair until it suddenly occurred to me that at least I could ask the coachman where he landed the party. It he had not caught their name, he would remember their address.

The next morning I summoned Peters earlier

than usual. Did he remember the two ladies and the gentleman he took from the opera last evening † Oh. yes, he remembered perfectly. Where did he put them down † Could he tell me that † Undoubtedly: the gentleman had given him half a sovereign: of course he

remembered. It was No. — Eaton Square.
Peters retired, and I, once more triumphant,
prepared my mind for the happiness in store for
me. My inclinations advised me to seek the lady of my heart immediately, but my obsti-nacy, though I dubbed it propriety, urged me to wait until the approved hour for visits; over widow—anything less lignified was impossible.

As we neared our journey's end, I began to understand that I was deeply interested in her—so deeply and so truly, that my future seemed a wilderness of unrest without her figure in the foreground. But how present her to my stately lady mother, with all the proud blood of the Grantlys distilled into a double essence in her veins? How say: 'This is my chosen wite! I know nothing about her family, or her past. I met her on a river steamer in America. She cup of tea one grows so much more intima-

a cup of tea one grows so much more intimate and confidential.

A little after 4 I strolled into Eaton Square, and rang the bell of No. — The door flew open.

'Not at home,' said the irreproachable butler.

'I called to inquire — I began, when he resumed in a most respectful tone: 'Was I Mr. Earnsford?' 'Yes.' Then my lady had left directions that should Mr. Earnsford call, he was to be told they had all gone to the country, that my lady was better, and very much obliged for Mr. Earnsford's kindness.'

'To what part of the country?' I asked insignatingly.

sinuatingly. 'To her ladyship's father's,' replied the man servant, implying by his manner, of course you know where that is, or, if you do not, you know know where that is, or, if you do not, you know nothing, and are not worthy of enlightenment. As I stood hesitating what more to say, a door at the end of the hall was pushed back, and, within the room thus revealed, I beteld the elder of the two Japs—the girl with the wild yellow hair and black eyes. She earght my unwilling gaze, and pointing her finger at me, commenced jabbering something in her mother tongue. I lingured no longer; another instant the door closed, and I stood outside the wide portico, in silent rage.

So near and yet so far!

A week went by. At the end of that time, I found one Saturday morning, withmy other correspondence, a letter to this effect:

ST. MARY CRAY, Kent, June, 186—
MY DEAR SIR: The ladices of my family have reported to me your kindness and politeness to them the other night at the opera. Their hurnothing, and are not worthy of enlightenment

ried manner of leaving town prevented their thanking you in person when you called. Will you do me the honor to pass a few days at my house in this old-tashioned village? It will give me great pleasure to receive you, and to show my appreciation of the kind services you rendered one of my daughters some mouths ago, to which you have now added another to the list. I inclose the trains; pray take which best suits you.—Yours singular.

best suits you.—Yours sincerely,
'HENRY KENDALL.'

Needless to say, I accepted the invitation by return of post. Two days later, the 4 o'clock express saw me speeding on my way, this time with every assurance of meeting La Mystere face to face, and learning at last somewhat of her history, past and present, and maybe form for both of as some possible future.

At St. Mary Cray I alighted. A groom came

At St. Many Cray I alighted. A groom came forward: a moment more and we were bowling along over a fine country road, past the old gray church with its graveyard, nestled in the very heart of the poorer cottages; past the rapid river Cray, dear to followers of old Izaak, and down the pretty winding road toward a large group of trees at the extreme end of this provided by village. A drive of less than quaint Kentish village. A drive of less than baif an hour brought us to the lodge gates, then a moment more, and the Priory stood before us; a dear old-fashioned latticed-windowed house, with an overhanging roof, and chimneys of the Tudor period. The door chimneys of the Tudor period. The door stood open; it always was open, that door, testifying ntely to the hospitality of all who dwelt

A fine handsome old man came out to meet

A fine handsome old man came out to meet me, with snow-white hair, crisp and youthful, standing about his head.

'So,' he cried in a ringing voice. 'This is Mr. Earnsford! We have you at last, and are delighted to see you, sir.' Then furning to some one within, he called: 'Here, Weasel, tell Cora and Dorothy, Mr. Earnsford has come.'

Some things come to one by instinct: I knew that 'Wensel' could be no other than one of the small Japs, and my instinct proved correct. Presently there appeared the delicate, fragile-looking lady I assisted at the opera, and as her side the Japanese boy, his sailow complexion, black hair and eyes, looking more dismal than

black hair and eyes, looking more dismai that ever beside her flower-like fairness.

'This is my daughter, Lady Dimsmore, said Mr. Kendall; 'and this—is my grandson.'

I theogot the old man's happy face clouded somewhat as he acknowledged the last relationship; and I experienced a horrible sensation of the inevitable creep over me, as I found, here at the threshold of her own home, evidence of Dorothy's being the mother of these child-ren. La Mysters must of necessity he Dorothy. of Dorothy's being the mother of these child-ren. La Mystere must of necessity be Dorothy, for had I not heard them all address Lady Dunsmore as Cora, and then too, had she not just the face for a Dorothy, not beautiful, but bright, and fain, and proud?

The day waved and no Dorothy appeared; it was not until dinner time that I saw her. She came into the drawing-room last of all, wearing some kind of this black grayn that showed her

some kind of thin black gown that showed her white arms and neck, with a brush of roses at

her waistband. Mr. Kendall simply said:

'You and Dorothy are old companions: no need to introduce you. What makes you so late, Doily? 'Angel would not go to sleep,' she answered in a low voice. 'I had to sing to her until she

The same look of aunoyance passed over his

The same look of annovance passed over his face that I had noticed when he spoke of Wensel. He said a little sharply:

'You take too much care of those children, Dorothy. Leave them more to the aurses.'

'I cauntt, panal, You know I promised him,'

'Well, well, never mind, my dear; we won't discuss it. Mr. Eathsford, will you give your aim to Lady Dinsmore—Dolly, you come with me. Sorry George wasn't able to come down to-night, but an M. P.'s always busy nowndays.'

the carriage has not come, and see, she must be taken home immediately.

To offer my brougham, which was luckly in waiting, to but myself, herses, servants, everything at her hitle feet was the work of a moment. She accepted the first calmly enough: but just as I was depicting to myself the blass of escerting her nome, a tall, distinguished, and rather cross-looking man joined them, apparently very much heated and disgusted.

'Not a cab to be found anywhere.'!

ones with it.

A week, two weeks, were gone, and still I lingered at the Priory. My passion for Derothy had become the prominent part of my being. Day by day, hour by hour, it became more obvious to me that I should part from her either as vious to me that I should part from her either as her fature husband, or a bedly-wounded, unsuccessful suitor. Yet, during these two weeks not one word had ever come to my ears regarding her past life. She was still young—too young for her to have been anything more than a slip of a girl when the heavy cares of life apparently became hers. She spoke seldom of herself, never of her life in the States. Yet she was open-hearted as the day, and talked well and carnestly on all subjects; was most well and earnestly on all subjects; was most affectionate to Mr. Kendall, and devoted to the little ones. The latter, by a incky acceident, were confined to the nurseries with some child ish ailment. She was never addressed save as Mistress Dorothy, or Dolly; I adopted, natur-Ally, the former; there was a fitness in is that pleased me: was she not my mistress, and I her hamblest servitor?

Well, to cut it short, we were walking home

one evening from a lawn party-tennis had not one evening from a lawn party—tennis hat not come into fashion in those days—given at one of the neighboring houses; Lady Dinsmore, her husband, Mr. Kendall in tront, Dolly and I loitering behind them. It was a lovely moon-light night; the little river rippled like a silver thread at our feet; the trees cast deep shadows before us; the air was sweet with a thrusand flowers. The influence of the night was not to be resisted. Another moment and—she knew it all. Knew how I loved her, how I na I fought off that love, and how it would not

had fought off that love, and how it would not be conquered, but grew stronger and suronger until it held, me captive, and made me sue for her love in self-defence. No Lovelsce could have pleaded more warmly, and no Clarissa listened more coyly. The beautiful color stole over her face, her sleuder hands held each other in sweet confusion, and the proud, handsome eyes were lowered beneath the ardor of mine.

At last she spoke.

'The children!'
'Ah, Dolly, Dolly!' I answered; 'do you suppose I would separate them from you? I must love them, for your sweet sake. I confess,' I added impatiently, 'I would rather they were not yours, and not Japanese. Of course I have no doubt your husband was no end of a good fellow, but that's neither here nor there; they are yours, and that's enough. I love you. I want you; and naturally must take the children with you. I am not such a savage as to ask a mother to part from her little ones! Husband!—father!—me!—my own children! faltered Dorothy, her gray eyes fall of

ren l' faltered Dorothy, her gray eyes fail of indignant surprise; then on a sudden breaking into a ringing peal of laughter. 'Oh, my poor, mrsguided, credulous Philip! And did you think me the mother of Angel and Weasel? I married! my husband a Japanese! Oh, forgive me, but it is too delicious!'

Dolly, Lowever, was merciful. She saw my confusion, and choking back her merriment as best she could—though it would crop forth

best she could—though it would erop forth every moment in little spasmodic bursts—she took my arm and related the following incidents.

'Mr. Kendall is my stepfather. My mother, an English lady, was the widow of a Second

dents.

'Mr. Kendall is my stepfather. My mother, an English lady, was the widow of a Spanish Don, who, being on the unfortunate side of politics, at his death left my mother very poor, and with two little babies. My twin-brother, Guy, was always a wild, haram-scarum boy, and, as he grew older, never could agree with either my mother or her husband, though a kinder tather could not be. Guy run away at the age of sixteen. We heard nothing of him for tour years. Then, two years ago, a letter reached us from the clergyman of a sapanese settlement in the Far West of the United States, saying Guy was very ill. His wife, a Japanese lady of royal birth, had died, leaving two little ones to his care. The clergyman stated that he had performed

made me then, and has made me ever since, the happiess man in the world.

And the little Japs, you ask? Guy, more familiarly known as Weasel, is a fine young fellow now at Cambrago, and carrying all before him. And Alice? Look at that tall, slight gir! how entering the room, in white fleecy drapety that clings closely about a finely-moulded figure; masses of golden hair twine about her shanely head; black, pencilled brows and deep, almond-shaped eyes complete the beautiful apparation. To morrow is her wedding-day, and partition. To-morrow is her wedding-day, and looking at her as she stands there, you hardly wonder that she is making one of the best matches in Kent.—[A. de G. Stevens.

AUTUMN.

Summer has seen decay Of reses white and red, And Love with wings ontapread Speeds after resterday.

Blue skies have chang'd to gray, And joy this sorrow wed; nomer has seen decay Of roses white and red.

May's flowers outlive not May! And when the leaves are shed, Around the roses dead The mournful echoes say: Summer has seen deca-

MARVELLOUS DREAMS.

From The London Nescs.

Most people remember the terrible railway accident in which Dickens himself and his proof-sheets escaped, while so many victims perished. In the train there channed to be a gentleman and lady just landed in England after their return from India. The lady said to her husband: "I see the great wave relling out; it is close to us," and then the crash came, and she was a corps. The husband was undurf, and, at a inter time, explained his wife's strange wards. Ever since they set sail his was the phenomenon which she recog-immediately before the accident which her death, ragic, but quite odd enough for Mr. Proctor's

REMINISCENCES OF KINGS.

J. H. Sistoms in The Washington Republic.

In my very early youth I resided in the fine old city of Bath, in Somersetshire, famous for its hot mineral springs, its fashiouable sectety, and its beautiful surroundings. Accustomed to ramble about alone—i was ten years old—I was surprised one day to read on a brass plate fixed on the big door of a big house in Pulteney-st, the inscription, "The King of France." I was inherrupted in my contemplation of the queer adversionment by the opening of the street door, whence a very large old gentleman in a chair was wheeled out of the house on to the sidewalk and proceeded to take his accustomed exercise in the same vehicle. I perceived that his legs were swathed in clotha—the concomitants of gout—and that his attendants remained uncovered as he spoke to them. Two or three passers-by having stopped as the old gentleman came out. I asked one of them who he was. "That," said he, "Is King Louis XVIII."

After this I often saw his majesty is cat may look at a king in Sydney Gardens—a sort of Lafayette Park. One day as I was passing, while he sat reading, he called out to me, "Littell boy—tenze—come here?" I approached. He pointed to the ground and said: "mes lumettee" ("my spectacles"), which he had dropped and could not pick up with his own hands, and his attendant was away. "Parlex cons. Francais!" he asked. I replied in the affirmative. He then questioned me about my name, my family, my studies, tastes, etc., and was altogether very gracious and chatty. I took courage and ventured to inquire when he intended to return to France. He said, "that depends on the armies of England, Germany, and Russia." As I was going away he oalled me back and handed me a gold seven-shilling piece, then current in England. I thanked him, and said that my nother had prohibited my takening money from anyone as a gift. He smiled, and speaking French made answer: "Four mother is a noble lady, but you must learn that it is not etiquete to refuse the little donation of a king.

the marriage ceremony between them, she having previously become a Christian, and gaded, if we wished to see Guy alive, we must lose no time.

The wished to see Guy alive, we must lose no time.

The wished to see Guy alive, we must lose no time.

The port mother, long a sufterer of heart discussed the inconsequence of the shock. Mr. Kendall was, tims readered totally unfit for travelling, even if my step-siser's health would have permitted his leaving her. I persunded him to alive the travelling we not go to Amort fear the journey of the property of th

HOW GOUNOD BECAME A COMPOSER.

From Gil Blas. It must have been a curious and amusing scene

It must have been a carnous and arcusing scene when the mother, a charmingly pretty woman, whose pertrait I have often seen, taking her little son by the hand, said rather crossly, and with a frown which concealed a plan of Machavellic duplicity: "Ah! you don't want to be a notary, like a reasonable being. You want to be a composer, and write 'Otherlos' like Rossim and 'Don Giovannis' like Mozart, do you!" "On! yes, mamma." "Very well; come with me. I will take you to the most learned harmonist of our time, the great Rescha. Are you satisfied!" "Thank you, dear mamma, thank you!" And you shall see how hard I work." "Of course that is what I want." And off they went to Reicha. "Monseut," said Mine. Gonnod, addressing the author of the famous treatise on harmouv, "here is my son." The child became scarlet with mingled happiness and fimility, while Reicha looked at him with indifference. "He wishes to learn music," went on his mother, "so as to be able to compose operas." Very good, machane, answered the composes of the "Quintettes for wind instruments"; "very good." "Very bad, on the contrary, 'teturned Mine, tionnod, "and I have come to bea you to help me to get him rid of the absumdince." "But how madame!" "By grying him lessons," "I don't uncerstant you, my dear tradame, said the author of the chassification of the thirteen harmones. "I will explain what I mean." Then turning to her son, who was becoming more and more scarlet, "I have something to any to mounier that you needn't histen to." The boy walked off to the other end of the room, and his mother went on: "This is what I wish. In the lessons that you give my son you must be so severe and exacting, and give him such long and difficult tasks, that he will become disgusted, and give up muse, which is a most uscless occupation, and become a notary, which, on the contrary, pays extremely welf." "Then you wish not to apply the liveliest form of contrapuntal totars." "Precisely, mousieur and in helping me." "I have contrally prove the left had been and her on in helping me-" "In making myself the Grand Inquisitor of Harmeny, so to speak?" "You will confer a favor on me for which I shall be eternally grateful, and my son, too, inter on, when he has

grateful, and my son, too, inter on, some of mind, become a notary.

Reicha, who was of an observing turn of mind, and rather fond of experiments, was not sorry to have a chance of determining how heavy does of his works on musent theory it was possible to administer without killing the patient; but one can only lither genius; its bent cannot be changed, founced became for Reicha a subject to experiment on. He made him study in order to sharp him in form. For two years Reicha studied him with counterpoint as they suff geese in the neighborhood of Strasburg, but the subject, who had a strong discussion. Less the identity.

Less traile but spirite odd enough for Mr. Proceeding the configuration of the configuration o

you have the scene in the cathedral in the fourth act. It is long, and not effective."

"I confess," goes on Gounod, "that I did not know what to answer to these discouraging predictions, except that they did not discourage me at all, and that I had a child's confidence in the feeling which dictated to me these different pages. Finally the performance took place. The work, although it met with some favor, did not have what they term a brilliant success. Its success was contested, and many people questioned whether it would be lasting. They spoke of the chorus of old men in the Kermesse in the second act, and of the Soldier's Chorus in the fourth act. One of my conferent said to me: You can write melody. There is plenty in these two pieces. Why didn't you put any in the others? Seven performances of the opera were given without a single editor offering to publish the score. Finally, thanks to the intervention of Presper Pascal, an artist full of delicacy and of talent, M. Choudens, the publisher, entered into arrangements with us."